

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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" The progress of our ruin has not been so rapid as some persons seem to imagine. It has been on foot for more than *twenty years*. From the year 1793 to the present day, the number of the paupers has been increasing. The farmers and tradesmen wore the appearance of prosperity; but, it was a false appearance, arising from the bubble of paper-money. The disease of taxation and of consequent pauperism was constantly at work in the bowels of the community. Family after family were pressed down into the list of paupers. Small farmers became labourers, and labourers went one after another to the poor-house. Small farm-houses, those numerous scenes of frugality, industry, morality and happiness, became, one after another, the scene of the labourer's misery. The lands went to stretch out the great farmer's tracks or the Nabob's park. And the cottages of the labourers became sheds for cattle, or fell into rubbish, while poor-houses rose their heads aloft all over the country. During the sway of Pitt and his successors the houses and villas round the metropolis have been monstrously swelled in number; but during the same period how many thousands of happy hamlets have been wholly deserted and destroyed! This has been caused by that pernicious system of taxing and paper-money, which has huddled property together in *great masses*, and which has reduced to mere labourers almost the whole of the people. The property, thus amassed, has become more immediately under the control of the Government; so that, at last, there exists a state of things from which the idea of *private* property is almost wholly excluded."—REGISTER, Vol. 31. p. 611.

RURAL RIDE,

*From Highworth to Cricklade
and thence to Malmsbury.*

HIGHWORTH (WILTS), MON-
DAY, 4th SEPT. 1826....When I
got to DEVIZES, on Saturday even-

ing, and came to look out of the
inn-window into the street, I per-
ceived, that *I had seen that place
before*, and, always having thought,
that *I should like to see Devizes*,
of which I had heard so much
talk as a famous corn-market, I
was very much surprised to find,

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]



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that it was *not new* to me. Presently a stage-coach came up to the door, with "*Bath and London*" upon its panels; and then I recollected, that I had been at this place, on my way to Bristol, last year. Devizes is, as nearly as possible, in the centre of the county, and the *canal*, that passes close by it, is the great channel through which the produce of the country is carried away to be devoured by the idlers, the thieves, and the prostitutes, who are *all* tax-eaters, in the *WENS* of Bath and London. *POTTERN*, which I passed through in my way from Warminster to Devizes, was once a place much larger than Devizes; and it is now a mere ragged village, with a church large, very ancient, and of most costly structure. The whole of the people, here, might, as in most other cases, be placed in the *belfry*, or the church-porches. All the way along, the *mansion-houses* are nearly all gone. There is now and then a *great place*, belonging to a *boroughmonger*, or some one connected with *boroughmongers*; but, all the *little gentlemen* are gone; and, hence it is, that *parsons* are now made *justices of the peace*! There are few other persons left, who are at all capable of filling the office in a way to suit the system! The monopolizing brewers and rag-rooks are, in some places, the "*magistrates*"; and thus is the whole thing changed, and England is no more what it was. Very near to the sides of my road from Warminster to Devizes, there were formerly (within a hundred years), 22 mansion-houses of sufficient note to be marked as such in the *county-map*, then made. There are now only *seven* of them remaining. There were five parish-churches nearly close to my road; and, in one parish out of the five, the *parsonage-house* is, in the parliamentary return, said to be "*too small*" for the parson to live in, though the church would contain two or three thousand people, and though the living is a Rectory, and a rich one too! Thus has the church-property, or, rather, that public property, which is called church-property, been *dilapidated*! The parsons have swallowed the *tithes* and the *rent of the glebes*; and have, successively, suffered the *parsonage-houses* to fall into decay. But, these *parsonage-houses* were, indeed, not intended for *large families*. They were intended for a *priest*, a main part of whose business it was to distribute the *tithes* amongst the poor and the strangers!

The parson, in this case, at CORSELEY, says, "*too small for an incumbent with a family.*" Ah! there is the mischief. It was never intended to give men tithes as a *premium for breeding!* MALTHUS does not seem to see any harm in *this sort of increase of population.* It is the *working* population, those who raise the food and the clothing, that he and SCARLETT want to *put a stop to the breeding of!*

I saw, on my way through the down-countries, hundreds of acres of ploughed land in *shelves.* What I mean is, the side of a steep hill, made into the shape of a *stairs*, only the *rising parts* more sloping than those of a stairs, and deeper in proportion. The side of the hill, in its original form, was *too steep to be ploughed*, or, even to be worked with a spade. The earth, as soon as moved, would have rolled down the hill; and, besides, the rains would have soon washed down all the surface earth, and have left nothing for plants of any sort to grow in. Therefore the sides of hills, where the land was sufficiently good, and where it was wanted for the growing of corn, were thus made into a sort of *steps* or *shelves*, and the horizontal parts (representing the parts of the stairs that we put

our feet upon,) *were ploughed and sowed*, as they generally are, indeed, to this day. Now, no man, not even the hireling CHALMERS, will have the impudence to say, that these shelves, amounting to thousands and thousands of acres in Wiltshire alone, were *not made by the hand of man.* It would be as impudent to contend, that the churches were formed by the *flood*, as to contend, that these shelves were formed by that cause. Yet, thus the Scotch scribes must contend; or, they must give up all their assertions about the ancient beggary and want of population in England; for, as in the case of the churches, what were these shelves made FOR? And could they be made at all, without a great abundance of *hands*? These shelves are every where to be seen throughout the down-countries of Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire and Cornwall; and, besides this, large tracts of land, amounting to millions of acres, perhaps, which are now downs, heaths, or woodlands, still, if you examine closely, bear the marks of the plough. The fact is, I dare say, that the country has never varied much in the gross amount of its population; but, formerly the people were pretty evenly spread over the

country, instead of being, as the greater part of them now are, collected together in great masses, where, for the greater part, the idlers live on the labour of the industrious.

In quitting DEVIZES yesterday morning, I saw, just on the outside of the town, a monstrous building, which I took for a *barrack*; but, upon asking what it was, I found it was one of those other marks of the JUBILEE REIGN; namely, a *most magnificent gaol*! It seemed to me sufficient to hold *one-half of the able-bodied men in the county*! And it would do it too, and do it well! Such a system must come to an end, and the end must be dreadful. As I came on the road, for the first three or four miles, I saw great numbers of labourers either digging potatoes for their Sunday's dinner, or coming home with them, or going out to dig them. The land-owners, or occupiers, *let small pieces of land to the labourers*, and these they cultivate with the spade for their own use. They pay, in all cases a *high rent*, and, in most cases, an enormous one. The practice prevails all the way from Warminster to Devizes, and from Devizes to nearly this place (High-worth.) The rent is, in some places, a *shilling a rod*, which is,

mind, 160s. or 8*l.* an acre! Still the poor creatures like to have the land: they work in it at their spare hours; and on Sunday mornings early: and the overseers, sharp as they may be, cannot *ascertain precisely* how much they get out of their plat of ground. But, good God! what a life to live! What a life to see people live; to see this sight in our own country, and to have the base vanity to *boast* of that country, and to talk of our "constitution" and our "*liberties*," and to affect to *pity* the Spaniards, whose working people live like gentlemen, compared with our miserable creatures. Again I say, give me the Inquisition and well-healed cheeks and ribs, rather than "civil and religious liberty," and skin and bone. But, the fact is, that, where honest and laborious men can be *compelled to starve quietly*, whether all at once or by inches, with old wheat ricks and fat cattle under their eye, it is a mockery to talk of their "*liberty*," of any sort; for, the sum total of their state is this, they have "*liberty*" to choose between death by starvation (quick or slow) and death by the halter! Between Warminster and Westbury I saw thirty or more men *digging* a great field of, I dare say, twelve acres. I

thought, "surely, that '*humane*,'
 "half-mad, and beastly fellow,
 "OWEN, is not got at work here;
 "that OWEN, who, the beastly
 "*feelosofers* tell us, went to the
 "Continent, to find out how to
 "teach the labouring people to
 "*live in a married state without*
 "*having children.*" No: it was
 not OWEN: it was the overseer of
 the parish, who had set these men
 to dig up this field, previously to
 its being *sown with wheat*. In
 short, it was a digging instead of
 a ploughing. The men, I found
 upon inquiry, got 9d. a day for
 their work. Plain digging, in the
 market gardens near London, is,
 I believe, 3d. or 4d. a rod. If
 these poor men, who were chiefly
 weavers or spinners from WEST-
 BURY, or had come home to their
 parish from BRADFORD or TROW-
 BRIDGE; if they digged six rods
 each in a day, and *fairly* did it,
 they must work well. This would
 be 1½d. a rod, or 20s. an acre;
 and that is *as cheap* as ploughing,
 and *four times as good*. But, how
 much better to give the men high-
 er wages, and let them do more
 work? If married, how are their
 miserable families to live on 4s.6d.
 a week? And, if single, they
 must and will have more, either
 by *poaching*, or by *taking without*
leave. At any rate, this is better

than the *road-work*: I mean, bet-
 ter for those who pay the rates;
 for here is *something which they*
get for the money, that they give
to the poor; whereas in the case
 of the *road-work*, the money given
 in relief is generally wholly so
 much lost to the rate-payer. What
 a curious spectacle this is: the
 manufactories *throwing the people*
back again upon the land! It is
 not above eighteen months ago,
 that the Scotch *FEELOSOFRS*, and
 especially Dr. BLACK, were call-
 ing upon the *farm-labourers to*
become manufacturers! I remon-
 strated with the Doctor at the time;
 but, he still insisted, that such a
 transfer of hands was the only *re-*
medy for the distress in the farm-
ing districts! However (and I
 thank God for it) the *feelosofers*
 have enough to do at home now;
 for the poor are crying for food in
 dear, cleanly, warm, fruitful Scot-
 land herself, in spite of a' the
 Hamiltons and a' the Wallaces
 and a' the Maxwells and a' the
 Hope Johnstones and a' the Dun-
 dases and a' the Edinbro' Review-
 ers and a' the Broughams and
 Birkbecks. In spite of all these,
 the poor of Scotland are now *help-*
ing themselves, or about to do it,
 for want of the means of purchas-
 ing food.

From Devizes I came to the

vile rotten borough of CALNE, leaving the park and house of LORD LANSDOWN to my left. This man's name is PETTY, and, doubtless, his ancestors "*came in with the Conqueror*;" for, Petty is, unquestionably, a corruption of the French word PETIT; and, in this case, there appears to have been not the least degeneracy; a thing rather rare in these days. There is a man whose name was GRIMSTONE (that is, to a certainty *Grindstone*), who is now called LORD VERULAN, and who, according to his pedigree in the Peerage, is descended from a "*standard-bearer of the Conqueror*"! Now, the devil a bit is there the word GRINDSTONE, or GRIMSTONE, in the Norman language. Well, let them have all that their *French* descent can give them, since they will insist upon it, that they are not of this country. So help me God, I would, if I could, *give them Normandy* to live in, and, if the people would let them, to possess. This PETTY family began, or, at least, made its first *grand push*, in poor unfortunate Ireland! The history of that push would amuse the people of Wiltshire! Talking of Normans and *high-blood*, puts me in mind of BECKFORD and his "ABBEY"! The public knows, that the tower of this thing fell down some time ago. It was built of *Scotch-fir* and *cased with stone*! In it there was a place which the owner had named, "The Gallery of Edward III., the frieze of which, says the account, contains the achievements of *seventy-eight Knights of the Garter*, from whom the owner IS LINEALLY DESCENDED"! Was there

ever vanity and impudence equal to these! The negro-driver brag of his *high-blood*! I dare say, that the old powder-man, FARQUHAR, had as good pretension; and I really should like to know, whether he took out Beckford's name, and put in his own, as the lineal descendant of the seventy-eight Knights of the Garter.

I could not come through that villanous hole, CALNE, without cursing Corruption at every step; and, when I was coming by an ill-looking, broken-windowed place, called the town-hall, I suppose, I poured out a double dose of execration upon it. "Out of the frying-pan into the fire;" for, in about ten miles more, I came to another rotten-hole, called WOTTON-BASSET! This also is a mean, vile place, though the country all round it is very fine. On this side of WOTTON-BASSET, I went out of my way to see the church at GREAT LYDDIARD, which, in the parliamentary return, is called Lyddiard Tregoose. In my old map it is called Tregose; and, to a certainty, the word was, *Tregrosse*; that is to say, *tres grosse*, or, *very big*. Here is a good old mansion-house and large walled-in garden and a park, belonging, they told me, to LORD BOLINGBROKE. I went quite down to the house, close to which stands the large and fine church. It appears to have been a noble place; the land is some of the finest in the whole country; the trees show that the land is excellent; but, all, except the church, is in a state of irreparable and apparent neglect, if not abandonment. The parish is large, the living is a rich one, it is a Rectory; but, though the incumbent

has the great and small tithes, he, in his return, tells the parliament, that the parsonage-house is *worn out and incapable of repair*! And, observe, that parliament lets him *continue to sack the produce of the tithes and the glebe*, while they know the parsonage-house to be crumbling-down, and while he has the impudence to tell them, that he does not reside in it, *though the law says that he shall*! And, while this is suffered to be, a poor man may be transported for being in pursuit of a hare! What coals, how hot, how red, is this flagitious system preparing for the backs of its supporters.

In coming from WOTTON-BASSET to HIGHWORTH, I left SWINDON a few miles away to my left, and came by the village of BLUNSDON. All along here I saw great quantities of hops in the hedges, and very fine hops, and I saw, at a village called STRATTON, I think it was, the first *campanula* that I ever saw in my life. The main stalk was more than four feet high, and there were four stalks, none of which were less than three feet high. All through the country, poor as well as rich, very neat in their gardens, and very careful to raise a great variety of flowers. At Blunsdon I saw a clump, or, rather, a sort of orchard, of as fine walnut-trees as I ever beheld, and loaded with walnuts. Indeed I have seen great crops of walnuts all the way from London. From Blunsdon to this place is but a short distance, and I got here about two or three o'clock. This is a *cheese country*; some corn, but, generally speaking, it is a country of *dairies*. The sheep here are of the large kind; a sort of Leicester sheep,

and the cattle chiefly for milking. The ground is a stiff loam at top, and a yellowish stone under. The houses are almost all built of stone. It is a tolerably rich, but, by no means, a gay and pretty country. *Highworth* has a situation corresponding with its name. On every side you go up-hill to it, and from it you see to a great distance all round, and into many counties.

HIGHWORTH, WEDNESDAY, 6th SEPT.—The great object of my visit to the Northern border of Wiltshire will be mentioned when I get to MALMSBURY, whither I intend to go to-morrow, or next day, and, thence, through Gloucestershire, in my way to Herefordshire. But, an additional inducement, was, to have a good long political gossip, with some excellent friends, who detest the borough-ruffians as cordially as I do, and who, I hope, wish as anxiously to see their fall effected, and no matter by what means. There was, however, arising incidentally, a third object, which, had I known of its existence, would, of itself, have brought me from the South-West to the North-East corner of this county. One of the parishes adjoining to Highworth is that of COLESHILL, which is in Berkshire, and which is the property of Lord RADNOR, or Lord FOLKESTONE, and is the seat of the latter. I was at Coleshill twenty-two or three years ago, and twice at later periods. In 1824, Lord FOLKESTONE bought some LOCUST TREES of me; and he has several times told me, that they were growing very finely; but, I did not know, that they had been planted at Coleshill; and, indeed, I always

thought, that they had been planted somewhere in the South of Wiltshire. I now found, however, that they were growing at Coleshill, and yesterday I went to see them, and was, for many reasons, more delighted with the sight, than with any that I have beheld for a long while. These trees stand in *clumps* of 200 trees in each, and the trees being four feet apart each way. These clumps make part of a plantation of 30 or 40 acres, perhaps, 50 acres. The rest of the ground; that is to say, the ground where the clumps of Locusts do not stand, was, at the same time that the Locust clumps were, planted with *chestnuts, elms, ashes, oaks, beeches, and other trees*. These trees were *stouter and taller than the Locust trees were*, when the plantation was made. Yet, if you were now to place yourself at a mile's distance from the plantation, you would not think, that there was *any plantation at all, except the clumps*. The fact is, that the other trees have, as they generally do, made, as yet, but very little progress; are not, I should think, upon an average, more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, or 5 feet, high; while the clumps of Locusts are from 12 to 20 feet high; and, I think, that I may safely say, *that the average height is SIXTEEN FEET*. They are the most beautiful clumps of trees that I ever saw in my life. They were, indeed, planted by a clever and most trusty servant, who, to say all that can be said in his praise, is, that he is worthy of such a master as he has. The trees are, indeed, in good land, and have been taken good care of; but, the other trees are in the same land;

and, while they have been taken *the same care of* since they were planted, they had not, I am sure, *worse treatment before planting*, than these *Locust-trees* had. At the time when I sold them to my Lord Folkestone, they were in a field at Worth, near Crawley, in Sussex. The history of their transport is this. A Wiltshire wagon came to Worth for the trees, on the 14th of March, 1824. The wagon had been stopped on the way by the *snow*; and, though the snow was gone off before the trees were put upon the wagon, it was very cold, and there were sharp frosts and harsh winds. I had the trees taken up, and tied up in hundreds by withes, like so many fagots. They were then put in and upon the wagon, we doing our best to keep the *roots inwards* in the loading, so as to prevent them from being exposed but as little as possible to the wind, sun and frost. We put some *fern* on the top, and, where we could, on the sides; and we tied on the load with ropes, just as we should have done with a load of fagots. In this way, they were *several days upon the road*; and I do not know how long it was before they got safe into the ground again. All this shows how *hardy* these trees are, and it ought to admonish gentlemen to make pretty *strict inquiries*, when they have gardeners, or bailiffs, or stewards, under whose hands Locust trees *die*, or do not thrive.—N. B. Dry as the late summer was, I never had my Locust trees so fine as they are this year. I have some, they write me, *five feet high*, from seed sown just before I went to Preston the first time, that is to say, on the 13th of May.—I shall

advertise my trees in the next *Register*. I never had them so fine, though the great drought has made the number comparatively small.—Lord FOLKESTONE bought of me 13,600 trees. They are, at this moment, worth the money they cost him, and, in addition, the cost of planting, and, in addition to that, they are worth the fee simple of the ground (very good ground) on which they stand; and this I am able to demonstrate to any man in his senses. What a difference in the value of *Wiltshire*, if all its *Elms* were *Locusts*! As fuel a foot of *Locust-wood* is worth four or five of any English wood. It will burn better green than almost any other wood will dry. If men want woods, beautiful woods, and in a hurry, let them go and see the clumps at Coleshill. Think of a wood 16 feet high, and I may say 20 feet high, in twenty-nine months from the day of planting; and the plants, on an average, not more than two feet high, when planted! Think of that: and any one may see it at Coleshill. See what efforts gentlemen make to get a wood! How they look at the poor slow-growing things for years; when they might, if they would, have it at once: really almost at a wish; and, with due attention, in almost any soil; and the most valuable of woods into the bargain. Mr. PALMER, the bailiff, showed me, near the house at Coleshill, a *Locust tree*, which was planted about 35 years ago, or perhaps 40. He had measured it before. It is eight feet and an inch round, at a foot from the ground. It goes off afterwards into two principal limbs; which two soon become six limbs, and

each of these limbs is three feet round. So that here are six everlasting gate-posts to begin with. This tree is worth 20 pounds at the least farthing.

I saw, also, at Coleshill, the most complete farm-yard that I ever saw, and that I believe there is in all England, many and complete as English farm-yards are. This was the contrivance of Mr. PALMER, Lord Folkestone's bailiff and steward. The master gives all the credit of plantation and farm to the servant; but the servant ascribes a good deal of it to the master. Between them, at any rate, here are some most admirable objects in rural affairs. And here, too, there is no misery amongst those who do the work; those who, without whom there could have been no *Locust-plantations* and no farm-yard. Here all are comfortable; gaunt hunger here stares no man in the face. That same disposition, which sent Lord FOLKESTONE to visit JOHN KNIGHT in the dungeons at Reading, keeps pinching hunger away from Coleshill. It is a very pretty spot all taken together. It is chiefly grazing land; and, though the making of cheese and bacon is, I dare say, the most profitable part of the farming here, Lord FOLKESTONE fats oxen, and has a stall for it, which ought to be shown to foreigners, instead of the spinning jennies. A fat ox is a finer thing than a cheese, however good. There is a dairy here too, and beautifully kept. When this stall is full of oxen, and they all fat, how it would make a French farmer stare! It would make even a Yankee think, that "Old England" was a respectable "mo-

thought, that they had been planted somewhere in the South of Wiltshire. I now found, however, that they were growing at Coleshill, and yesterday I went to see them, and was, for many reasons, more delighted with the sight, than with any that I have beheld for a long while. These trees stand in *clumps* of 200 trees in each, and the trees being four feet apart each way. These clumps make part of a plantation of 30 or 40 acres, perhaps, 50 acres. The rest of the ground; that is to say, the ground where the clumps of Locusts do not stand, was, *at the same time that the Locust clumps were*, planted with *chestnuts, elms, ashes, oaks, beeches, and other trees*. These trees were *stouter and taller than the Locust trees were*, when the plantation was made. Yet, if you were now to place yourself at a mile's distance from the plantation, you would not think, that there was *any plantation at all, except the clumps*. The fact is, that the other trees have, as they generally do, made, as yet, but very little progress; are not, I should think, upon an average, more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, or 5 feet, high; while the clumps of Locusts are from 12 to 20 feet high; and, I think, that I may safely say, *that the average height is SIXTEEN FEET*. They are the most beautiful clumps of trees that I ever saw in my life. They were, indeed, planted by a clever and most trusty servant, who, to say all that can be said in his praise, is, that he is worthy of such a master as he has. The trees are, indeed, in good land, and have been taken good care of; but, the other trees are in the same land;

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each of these limbs is three feet round. So that here are six everlasting gate-posts to begin with. This tree is worth 20 pounds at the least farthing.

I saw, also, at Coleshill, the most complete farm-yard that I ever saw, and that I believe there is in all England, many and complete as English farm-yards are. This was the contrivance of Mr. PALMER, Lord Folkestone's bailiff and steward. The master gives all the credit of plantation and farm to the servant; but the servant ascribes a good deal of it to the master. Between them, at any rate, here are some most admirable objects in rural affairs. And here, too, there is no misery amongst those who do the work; those who, without whom there could have been no Locust-plantations and no farm-yard. Here all are comfortable; gaunt hunger here stares no man in the face. That same disposition, which sent Lord FOLKESTONE to visit JOHN KNIGHT in the dungeons at Reading, keeps pinching hunger away from Coleshill. It is a very pretty spot all taken together. It is chiefly grazing land; and, though the making of cheese and bacon is, I dare say, the most profitable part of the farming here, LORD FOLKESTONE fats oxen, and has a stall for it, which ought to be shown to foreigners, instead of the spinning jennies. A fat ox is a finer thing than a cheese, however good. There is a dairy here too, and beautifully kept. When this stall is full of oxen, and they all fat, how it would make a French farmer stare! It would make even a Yankee think, that "Old England" was a respectable "mo-

ther," after all. If I had to show this village off to a Yankee, I would *blindfold* him all the way to, and after I got him out of, the village, lest he should see the scare-crows of paupers on the road.

For a week or ten days before I came to Highworth, I had, owing to the uncertainty as to where I should be, had no newspapers sent me from London; so that, really, I began to feel, that I was in the "*dark ages*." Arrived here, however, the *light* came bursting in upon me, flash after flash, from the WEN, from DUBLIN, and from MODERN ATHENS. I had, too, for several days, had nobody to enjoy the light with. I had no *sharers* in the "*anteeluctual*" treat, and this sort of enjoyment, unlike that of some other sorts, is augmented by being divided. Oh! how happy we were, and how proud we were, to find (from the "*instructor*"), that we had a king, that we were the subjects of a sovereign, who had graciously sent *twenty-five pounds* to Sir RICHARD BIRNIE'S POOR BOX, there to swell the amount of the munificence of *fined delinquents*! Aye, and this, too, while (as the "*instructor*" told us) this same sovereign had just bestowed, unasked for (Oh! the dear good man!), an annuity of 500*l.* a year on Mrs. Fox, who, observe, and whose daughters, had already a *hanging pension*, paid out of the taxes, raised, in part, and in the greatest part, upon a people who are half-starved and half-naked. And our admiration at the poor-box affair was not at all lessened by the reflection, that *more money than sufficient to pay all the poor-rates of Wiltshire and Berkshire* will, this very year, have been ex-

pendent on new palaces, on pullings down and alterations of palaces before existing, and on ornaments and decorations in and about *Hyde Park*, where a bridge is building, which, I am told, must cost *a hundred thousand pounds*, though all the water, that has to pass under it, *would go through a sugar-hogshead*; and DOES, a little while before it comes to this bridge, go through an arch which I believe to be smaller than a sugar hogshead! Besides, there was *a bridge here before*, and a very good one too.

Now, will JERRY CURTEIS, who complains so bitterly about the poor-rates, and who talks of the poor working people as if their poverty were the worst of crimes; will JERRY say any thing about this *bridge*, or about the enormous expenses at *Hyde Park Corner* and in *St. James's Park*? Jerry knows, or he ought to know, that this bridge alone will cost more money than *half the poor-rates of the county of Sussex*! JERRY knows, or he ought to know, that this bridge must be paid for out of the taxes. He must know, or else he must be what I dare not suppose him, that it is the *taxes that make the paupers*; and yet I am afraid, that JERRY will not open his lips on the subject of this bridge. What they are going at, at HYDE PARK CORNER, nobody that I talk with seems to know. The "*great Captain of the Age*," as that nasty palaverer, Brougham, called him, lives close to this spot, where also the "*English ladies*" *naked Achilles* stands, having, on the base of it, the word WELLINGTON in great staring letters, while all the other letters are *very, very small*; so that base tax-eaters and fund-

gamblers from the country, when they go to crouch before this image, think it is the image of the *Great Captain himself!* The reader will recollect, that, after the battle of WATERLOO, when we beat Napoleon with nearly a million of foreign bayonets in our pay, pay that came out of that *borrowed money*, for which we have *now* to wince and howl: the reader will recollect, that, at that "glorious" time, when the insolent wretches of tax-eaters were ready to trample us under foot; that, at that time, when the Yankees were defeated on the *Serpentine River*, and before they had threshed Blue and Buff so unmercifully on the ocean and on the lakes; that, at that time, when the nasty creatures called "*English ladies*" were flocking, from all parts of the country, to present rings to "*Old Blucher*," and to lick the snivel from his whiskers; that, at that time of exultation with the corrupt and of mourning with the virtuous, the COLLECTIVE, in the hey-day, in the delirium, of its joy, *resolved* to expend *three millions* of money on *triumphal arches*, or *columns*, or monuments of some sort or other, to commemorate the *glories of the war!* Soon after this, however, *low prices came*, and they drove triumphal arches out of the heads of the Ministers, until "*prosperity, unparalleled prosperity*" came! This set them to work upon *palaces* and *streets*; and, I am told, that the *triumphal-arch project* is now going on at *Hyde Park Corner!* Good God! If this should be true, how *apt will every thing be!* Just about the time that the arch, or arches, will be completed; just about the time that the scaffolding will be knocked away,

down will come the whole of the horrid boroughmongering system, for the upholding of which the vile tax-eating crew called for the war! All these palaces and other expensive projects were *hatched* two years ago; they were *hatched* in the days of "*prosperity*"; the plans and contracts were made, I dare say, *two or three years ago!* However, they will be completed much about in the *nick of time!* They will help to exhibit the system in its true light.

The "best possible public instructor" tells us, that CANNING is going to *Paris*. For what, I wonder? His brother, HUSKISSON, was there last year; and he *did nothing*. It is supposed, that the "revered and ruptured Ogden" orator is going to try the force of his *oratory*, in order to induce France and her allies to let *Portugal alone*. He would do better to *arm some ships of war!* Oh! no: never will that be done again; or, at least, there never will again *be war* for three months as long as this borough and paper system shall last! This system has *run itself out*. It has lasted a good while, and has done tremendous mischief to the people of England; but, it is *over*; it is *done for*; it will live for a while, but it will go about drooping its wings and half shutting its eyes, like a cock that has got the pip: it will NEVER CROW AGAIN; and for that I most humbly and fervently thank God! It has crowed over us long enough: it has pecked us and spurred us and slapped us about quite long enough. The nasty, insolent creatures, that it has sheltered under its wings, have triumphed long enough: they are

now going to the work-house; and thither let them go.

I know nothing of the politics of the BOURBONS; but, though I can easily conceive that they *would not like to see an end of the paper-system and a consequent REFORM, in England*; though I can see very good reasons for believing this, I do not believe, that CANNING will induce them to sacrifice *their own obvious and immediate interests* for the sake of *preserving our funding system*. He will not get them out of CADIZ, and he will not induce them to desist from interfering in the affairs of Portugal, if they find it their interest to interfere. They know, that we *cannot go to war*. They know this as well as we do; and every sane person in England seems to know it well. No war for us, *without Reform*! We are come to this at last. No war with *this Debt*; and this Debt defies every power but that of *Reform*. Foreign nations were, as to our *real state*, a good deal enlightened by "*late panic*." They had hardly any notion of our state before that. That opened their eyes, and led them to conclusions that they never before dreamed of. It made them see, that that which they had always taken for a mountain of solid gold, was only a great heap of rubbishy, rotten paper! And they now, of course, estimate us accordingly. But, it signifies not what *they* think, or what *they* do; unless they will *subscribe and pay off this Debt* for the people at Whitehall. The foreign governments (not excepting the American) *all hate the English Reformers*; those of Europe, because our example would be so dangerous to despots; and that of

America, because we should not suffer it to build fleets and to add to its territories at pleasure. So that, we have not only our own boroughmongers and tax-eaters against us; but also *all foreign governments*. Not a straw, however, do we care for them all, so long as we have for us the ever-living, ever-watchful, ever-efficient, and all-subduing DEBT! Let our foes subscribe, I say, and *pay off that DEBT*; for until they do that, we snap our fingers at them.

HIGHWORTH, FRIDAY, 8 SEPT.—"The best public instructor" of yesterday (arrived to-day) informs us, that "A number of official gentlemen, connected with *finance*, have waited upon LORD "LIVERPOOL"! Connected with *finance*! And "*a number*" of them too! Bless their numerous and united noddles! Good God! what a state of things it is altogether! There never was the like of it seen in this world before. Certainly never; and the *end must be* what the far greater part of the people anticipate. It was this very Lord Liverpool that ascribed the *sufferings* of the country to a *surplus of food*; and that, too, at the very time, when he was advising the King to put forth a begging proclamation to raise money to prevent, or, rather, put a stop to, *starvation in Ireland*; and when, at the same time, public money was granted for the causing of English people to emigrate to Africa! Ah! Good God! who is to record or recount the endless blessings of a *Jubilee-Government*!—The "instructor" gives us a sad account of the state of the working classes in *Scotland*. I am not glad that these poor people suffer:

I am very sorry for it; and, if I could relieve them, out of my own means, without doing good to and removing danger from, the insolent boroughmongers and tax-eaters of Scotland, I would share my last shilling with the poor fellows. But, I must be glad, that something has happened to silence the impudent Scotch quacks, who have been, for six years past, crying up the doctrine of *MALTHUS*, and railing against the *English poor-laws*. Let us now see what *they* will do with their poor. Let us see, whether they will have the impudence to call upon US to maintain *their poor*! Well, amidst all this suffering, there is one good thing; the Scotch political economy is blown to the devil, and the *Edinburgh Review* and *Adam Smith* along with it.

MALMSBURY (WILTS) MONDAY, 11 SEPT.—I was detained at Highworth partly by the rain and partly by company that I liked very much. I left it at six o'clock yesterday morning, and got to this town about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, after a ride, including my deviations, of 34 miles; and as pleasant a ride as man ever had. I got to a farm-house in the neighbourhood of CRICKLADE, to breakfast, at which house I was very near to the source of the river *ISIS*, which is, they say, the first branch of the *THAMES*. They call it the "*OLD THAMES*," and I rode through it here, it not being above four or five yards wide, and not deeper than the knees of my horse.—The land here, and all round CRICKLADE, is very fine. Here are some of the very finest pastures in all England, and some of the finest

dairies of cows, from 40 to 60 in a dairy, grazing in them. Was not this *always* so? Was it created by the union with Scotland; or was it begotten by Pitt and his crew? Aye, it was always so; and there were formerly *two churches* here, where there is now only one, and five, six, or ten times as many people. I saw in *one single farm-yard* here more food than enough for four times the inhabitants of the parish; and this yard did not contain a tenth, perhaps, of the produce of the parish; but, while the poor creatures that raise the wheat and the barley and cheese and the mutton and the beef are living upon potatoes, an accursed *Canal* comes kindly through the parish to convey away the wheat and all the *good food* to the tax-eaters and their attendants in the *WEN*! What, then, is this "*an improvement*?" Is a nation *richer* for the carrying away of the food from those who raise it, and giving it to *bayonet men* and others, who are assembled in great masses? I could broomstick the fellow who would look me in the face and call this "*an improvement*." What! was it not better for the consumers of the food to live near to the places where it was grown? We have very nearly come to the system of *HINDOOSTAN*, where the farmer is allowed by the *AUMIL*, or tax-contractor, only so much of the produce of his farm to eat in the year! The thing is not done in so undisguised a manner here; here are *assessor, collector, excise-man, supervisor, informer, constable, justice, sheriff, jailor, judge, jury, jack-ketch, barrack-man*. Here is a great deal ceremony about it; all is do

according to law; it is the free-est country in the world: but, some how or other, the produce is, at last, *carried away*; and it is eaten, for the main part, by those who do not work.

I observed, some pages back, that, when I got to MALMSBURY, I should have to explain my main object in coming to the NORTH OF WILTSHIRE. In the year 1818, the parliament, by *an act*, ordered the bishops to cause the beneficed clergy to give in an account of their livings, which account was to contain the following particulars, relating to each parish:

1. Whether a Rectory, Vicarage, or what.

2. In what rural deanery.

3. Population.

4. Number of Churches and Chapels.

5. *Number of persons they (the churches and chapels) can contain.*

In looking into this account, as it was finally made up and printed by the parliamentary officers, I saw, that it was *impossible for it to be true*. I have always asserted, and, indeed, I have clearly **PROVED**, that one of the two last population returns is **FALSE**, barefacedly false; and, I was sure, that the account, of which I am now speaking, was equally false. The falsehood consisted, I saw, principally, in the account of *the capacity of the church to contain people*; that is, under the head No. 5, as above stated. I saw, that, in almost every instance, this account **MUST OF NECESSITY BE FALSE**, though coming from under the pen of a beneficed clergyman. I saw, that there was a constant desire to make it appear, that *the church*

was now become TOO SMALL!

And thus to help along the opinion of a *great recent increase of population*, an opinion so sedulously inculcated by all the tax-eaters of every sort, and by the most brutal and best public instructor. In some cases the falsehood of this account was impudent almost beyond conception; and yet, it required *going to the spot* to get unquestionable proof of the falsehood. In many of the parishes, *in hundreds of them*, the *population is next to nothing*, far fewer persons than the church porch would contain. *Even in these cases*, the parsons have seldom said, that the church would *contain more than the population!* In such cases, they have generally said, that the church *can contain "the population"*! So it *can*; but, it *can* contain ten times the number! And thus it was, that, in words of truth, a lie in meaning was told to the Parliament, and not one word of notice was ever taken of it. Little Langford, or Landford, for instance, between Salisbury and Warminster, is returned as having a population *under twenty*, and a church that "*can contain the population.*" This church, which I went and looked at, can contain, very conveniently, *two hundred people!* But, there was one instance, in which the parson had been singularly impudent; for, he had stated the population at *eight persons*, and had stated that the church *could contain eight persons!* This was the account of the parish of SHARNCUT, in this county of Wilts. It lies on the very northernmost edge of the county, and its boundary, on one side, divides Wiltshire from Glou-

cestershire. To this SHARNCUT, therefore, I was resolved to go, and to try the fact with my own eyes. When, therefore, I got through CRICKLADE, I was compelled to quit the Malmsbury road, and go away to my right. I had to go through a village called ASHTON KEINES, with which place I was very much stricken. It is now a straggling village; but, to a certainty, it has been a large market town. There is a market-cross still standing in an open place in it; and, there are such numerous lanes, crossing each other, and cutting the land up into such little bits, that it must, at one time, have been a large town. It is a very curious place, and I should have stopped in it for some time, but I was now within a few miles of the famous SHARNCUT, the church of which, according to the parson's account, *could* contain eight persons!

At the end of about three miles more of road, rather difficult to find, but very pleasant, I got to SHARNCUT, which I found to consist of a church, two farm-houses, and a parsonage-house, one part of the buildings of which had become a labourer's house. The church has no tower, but a sort of crowning-piece (very ancient) on the transept. The church is *sixty feet long*, and, on an average, *twenty-eight feet wide*; so that the area of it contains *one thousand six hundred and eighty square feet*; or, *one hundred and eighty-six square yards*! I found in the church *eleven pews* that would contain, that were made to contain, *eighty-two people*; and, these *do not occupy a third part* of the area of the church; and thus, more than *two hundred per-*

sons, at the least, might be accommodated, with perfect convenience, in this church, which the parson says, "*can contain eight*"! Nay, the church porch, on its two benches, would hold *twenty* people, taking little and big promiscuously. I have been thus particular, in this instance, because I would leave *no doubt* as to the barefacedness of the lie. A strict inquiry would show, that the far greater part of the account is a most impudent lie, or, rather, *string of lies*. For, as to the *subterfuge*, that this account was *true*, because the church "*can contain eight*," it is an addition to the crime of lying. What the Parliament meant was, "*what is the greatest number of persons that the church can contain at worship*"; and, therefore to put the figure of 8 against the church of SHARNCUT was to tell the Parliament a wilful lie. This parish is a *rectory*; it has great and small tithes; it has a *glebe*, and a good solid house, though the parson says it is *unfit for him to live in*! In short, he is not here; a curate that serves, perhaps, three or four other churches, comes here at *five o'clock in the afternoon*.—The motive for making out the returns in this way is clear enough. The parsons see, that they are getting what they get in a declining, a mouldering, country. The size of the church tells them, every thing tells them, that the country is a mean and miserable thing, compared with what it was in former times. They feel the facts; but they wish to disguise them, because they know that they have been one great cause of the country being in its present impoverished and dilapi-

dated state. They know, that the people look at them with an *accusing eye*; and they wish to put as fair a face as they can upon the state of things. If you talk to them, they will *never acknowledge, that there is any misery in the country*; because they well know how large a share they have had in the *cause of it*. They were always *haughty and insolent*; but, the *anti-jacobin* times made them ten thousand times more so than ever. The cry of **ATHEISM**, as of the French, gave these fellows of ours a fine time of it: they became identified with loyalty, and, what was more, with *property*; and, at one time, to say, or hint, a word against a parson, *do what he would*, was to be an enemy of *God and of all property*! I verily believe, that, if **PERCY JOCELYN**; that Right Reverend Father in God, Bishop of Clogher, and uncle of the Earl of Roden, and Commissioner of Education; I verily believe, that, if he and **JOHN MOVELLY**, the soldier of the Guards, had committed their horrid crime in the time of Pitt or Perceval, or *before low prices came*, no man would have dared to say a word about it; and that, if any man had dared to do it, he would have been *hunted down* as an *Atheist and Jacobin*!—Those were the glorious times for them. They *urged on the war*: they were the loudest of all the trumpeters. They saw their *tithes* in danger. If they did not get the Bourbons restored, there was no chance of re-establishing tithes in France; and, then, the *example* might be fatal. But, they forgot, that, to restore the Bourbons, A **DEBT** must be contracted; and that,

when the nation could not pay the interest of that debt, it would, *as it now does*, begin to *look hard at the tithes*! In short, they overreached themselves; and those of them who have common sense, now see it: each hopes that the thing will *last out his time*; but, they have, unless they be half-idiot, a constant dread upon their minds: this makes them a great deal *less brazen* than they used to be; and, I dare say, that, if the parliamentary return had to be made out again, the parson of **SHARNCUT** would not state, that the church "*can contain eight persons*."

From **SHARNCUT** I came through a very long and straggling village, called **SOMERFORD**, another called **OCKSEY**, and another called **CRUDWELL**. Between Somerford and Ocksey, I saw, on the side of the road, more *goldfinches* than I had ever seen together; I think fifty times as many as I had ever seen at one time in my life. The favourite food of the goldfinch is the seed of the *thistle*. This seed is just now dead ripe. The thistles are all cut and carried away from the *fields* by the harvest; but, they grow alongside the roads; and, in this place, in great quantities. So that the goldfinches were got here in flocks, and, as they continued to fly along before me, for nearly half a mile, and still sticking to the road and the banks, I do believe I had, at last, a flock of ten thousand flying before me. *Birds* of every kind, including *partridges* and *pheasants* and all sorts of *poultry*, are most abundant this year. The fine, long summer has been singularly favourable to them; and you see the effect of it in the

great broods of chickens and ducks and geese and turkeys in and about every farm-yard. The churches of the last-mentioned villages are all large, particularly the latter, which is capable of containing, very conveniently, 3 or 4,000 people. It is a *very large* church; it has a *triple roof*, and is nearly 100 feet long; and master parson says, in his return, that it "*can contain three hundred people*"! At OCKSEY the people were in church as I came by. I heard the singers singing; and, as the church-yard was close by the road-side, I got off my horse and went in, giving my horse to a boy to hold. The fellow says, that his church "*can contain two hundred people*." I counted *pews* for about 450; the singing gallery would hold 40 or 50; two thirds of the area of the church have no pews in them. On benches these two thirds would hold 2,000 persons, taking one with another! But, this is nothing rare; the same sort of statement has been made, the same kind of falsehoods, relative to the whole of the parishes, throughout the country, with here and there an exception. Every where you see the indubitable marks of *decay* in mansions, in parsonage-houses and in people. Nothing can so strongly depict the great decay of the villages as the *state of the parsonage-houses*, which are so many parcels of *public property*, and to prevent the dilapidation of which *there are laws so strict*. Since I left Devizes, I have passed close by, or very near to, *thirty-two parish churches*; and, in *fifteen*, out of these thirty-two parishes, the parsonage-houses are stated, in the parliamentary return, either

as being *unfit for a person to live in*, or, as being *wholly tumbled down and gone*! What, then, are there Scotch vagabonds; are there CHALMERSES and COLQUHOUNDS, to swear, "*mon*," that Pitt and Jubilee George *begat* all us Englishmen; and, that there were only a few stragglers of us in the world before! And that our dark and ignorant fathers, who built Winchester and Salisbury Cathedrals, had neither hands nor money!

When I got in here yesterday, I went, at first, to an inn; but I very soon changed my quarters for the house of a friend, who and whose family, though I had never seen them before, and had never heard of them until I was at Highworth, gave me a hearty reception, and precisely in *the style* that I like. This town, though it has nothing particularly engaging in *itself*, stands upon one of the prettiest spots that can be imagined. Besides the *river Avon*, which I went down in the South-East part of the county, here is *another river Avon*, which runs down to BATH, and two branches, or sources, of which meet here. There is a *pretty ridge of ground*, the base of which is a mile, or a mile and a half wide. On each side of this ridge a branch of the river runs down, through a flat of very fine meadows. The town and the beautiful remains of the famous old Abbey, stand on the rounded spot, which terminate this ridge; and, just below, nearly close to the town, the two branches of the river meet; and then they begin to be called *the Avon*. The land round about is excellent, and of a great variety of forms. The trees are lofty and fine: so that

what with the water, the meadows, the fine cattle and sheep, and, as I hear, the absence of *hard-pinching* poverty, this is a very pleasant place.—There remains more of the *Abbey* than, I believe, of any of our monastic buildings, except that of Westminster, and those that have become *Cathedrals*. The church-service is performed in the part of the *Abbey* that is left standing. The parish church has fallen down and is gone; but the *tower remains*, which is made use of for the *bells*; but the *Abbey* is used as the church, though the church-tower is at a considerable distance from it. It was once a most magnificent building; and there is now a *door-way*, which is the most beautiful thing I ever saw, and which was, nevertheless, built in SAXON times, in “the *dark ages*,” and was built by men, who were not begotten by Pitt nor by Jubilee-George.—What *fools*, as well as ungrateful creatures, we have been and are! There is a broken arch, standing off from the sound part of the building, at which one cannot look up without feeling shame at the thought of ever having abused the men who made it. No one need *tell* any man of sense; he *feels* our inferiority to our fathers, upon merely beholding the remains of their efforts to ornament their country and elevate the minds of the people. We talk of our *skill* and *learning*, indeed! How do we know how skilful, how learned, *they* were? If, in all that *they* have left us, we see that they surpassed us, why are we to conclude, that they did not surpass us in all other things worthy of admiration?—

This famous *Abbey* was founded, in about the year 600, by MAIDULF, a Scotch Monk, who upon the suppression of a Nunnery here at that time selected the spot for this great establishment. For the great magnificence, however, to which it was soon after brought, it was indebted to ALDHELM, a Monk educated within its first walls, by the founder himself; and to ST. ALDHELM, who by his great virtues became very famous, the Church was dedicated in the time of King Edgar. This Monastery continued flourishing during those *dark ages*, until it was sacked by the great enlightener, at which time it was found to be endowed to the amount of sixteen thousand and seventy-seven pounds eleven shillings and eight-pence, of the money of the present day! Amongst other, many other, great men produced by this *Abbey* of Malmesbury, was that famous scholar and historian, WILLIAM DE MALMSBURY.

There is a *market-cross*, in this town, the sight of which is worth a journey of hundreds of miles. TIME with his scythe, and “enlightened Protestant piety,” with its pick-axes and crow-bars; these united have done much to efface the beauties of this monument of ancient skill and taste, and proof of ancient wealth; but, in spite of all their destructive efforts, this Cross still remains a most beautiful thing, though possibly, and even probably, nearly, or quite, a thousand years old. There is a *market-cross* lately erected at DEVIZES, and, intended, to imitate the ancient ones. Compare that with this, and, then you have, pretty fairly, a view of the

difference between US and our FOREFATHERS of the "dark ages."

To-morrow I start for Bollitree, near Ross, Herefordshire, my road being across the county, and through the city of Gloucester.

TO THE
RADICALS
OF STOCKPORT.

Malmesbury, Wilts, 11 Sept. 1826.

MY GOOD FRIENDS,

I HAVE read, with great delight, the account of the manner in which you defeated the schemes of the "addressers," on the 5th instant. I shall here insert the account, as published in that reptile paper, the "STOCKPORT ADVERTISER." When I have inserted it, I shall make a remark or two upon it, though, thanks to your sense and spirit, it speaks for itself pretty plainly. Here you have shown the government and the country, that, if they do not understand *what is what*, you do.

This Meeting was called for the purpose of forwarding an address to His Majesty's Ministers, expressive of their gratitude for the late important measure relative to the introduction of grain, &c., but that

malignant spirit, which we are sorry to say, reigns in the hearts of too many of our townsmen, prevented the intentions of the well-disposed part of the meeting from being carried into effect. Cobbett's radical opinions are too strongly imprinted on their minds ever to allow of any hopes of amendment from them.—Nothing but Radical Reform and No Taxation will satisfy their inordinate desires; nevertheless we are glad to have it in our power to state a better spirit pervades a portion of the labouring classes.

About eight o'clock, Mr. Thomas Worsley, jun., was unanimously voted into the Chair, which having taken, he proceeded to read the following placard convening the meeting, and an article in the Trades' Paper, eulogising the conduct of Ministers on this occasion; he then requested that every attention would be paid to those who should address them, and that no one would be interrupted in the expression of their sentiments.

"PUBLIC MEETING.—The Inhabitants of Stockport are respectfully solicited to attend a Public Meeting, on Tuesday evening, September 5th, at the Britannia Inn, Church-gate, for the purpose of considering the propriety of giving a Public Vote of Thanks to His Majesty's Ministers, for the humane, the just, and resolute measure now determined upon by them; which measure is, decidedly, the most important and salutary that could have been devised under present circumstances. The measure alluded to is that of admitting Oats, Oatmeal, Rye, Pease, and Beans, on a bond for the payment of the following duties:—Oats, at 2s. per quarter; Oatmeal, 2s. 2d. per boll; and Rye, Pease, and Beans, at 3s. 6d. per quarter. There cannot be a doubt, that peals of unmerited reprobation will be thundered forth against His Majesty's Ministers, by the landed interest, from one end of the kingdom to another, for thus determining, in defiance of a ruinous law, to save the people from famine,

“rather than starve them with its forms. It is therefore requested, that the Inhabitants of this town do immediately seize the opportunity of offering the first impulse of that gratitude, which suffering millions are sure to feel from these prompt and wise measures. Such manifestations of approbation and gratitude from the people are necessary to encourage His Majesty’s Ministers to persevere, until they have annihilated the destructive monopoly of the Corn Laws.—The Chair will be taken at half-past seven o’clock.”

Mr. Glegg then rose to propose the first resolution, and addressed them to the following effect:—

The object of this meeting has been publicly and explicitly avowed; it is to call for a public expression of thanks to His Majesty’s Ministers for the recent bold and decisive step which they have taken, with regard to the importation of certain descriptions of Foreign grain. This important event was first brought to my knowledge, through the medium of the Trades’ Newspaper of last Saturday. I certainly acquiesce with the Editor of that valuable paper, when he describes the measure as one likely to be productive of the most extensive, salutary, and beneficial consequences to the labouring population of this country. When I cast my eyes on the countenances around me, my own pleasurable sensations are increased, and my anticipation of perfect unanimity of opinion on the primary objects of consideration to-night strengthened. According to my view of the subject, I think it scarcely possible to overrate the great and glorious consequences with which this measure must be attended. From its operation I picture to myself an immediate, and perhaps, permanent relief to the trade of this district. Will it not empty the overloaded warehouses of the merchant and manufacturer? and in another point of view—Who shall describe its

incalculable benefits arising from the introduction of a timely supply of the principal necessities of life? What effects will it have upon the advanced prices of provisions; will it not prevent them attaining that enormous price to which, in all probability, they would have advanced previous to the adoption of this step by Government? Every mind of common feeling might reasonably have indulged in the most gloomy apprehensions; it required but little aid of the imagination to have pictured those grim and ghastly monsters—Famine, Despair, and Death, as ready to commence their winter’s tour, of desolation through the heart of the British Empire. Let us here draw a veil over the frightful picture. His Majesty’s Ministers have countermanded the march of the destroyers, and in effect, have said to them—avaunt, and spare a patient, unoffending, and suffering population. There is still another point of view in which important consequence must arise from this measure; ultimately it must have the effect of diminishing that drain on the purses of the rich, which has arisen from the peculiar exigences of the last six or eight months. I need not point out to you the exertions of the opulent part of this great empire, in favour of the distressed manufacturers; the benevolent sympathy, and humane assistance of persons of rank in this town, has been exercised in a praiseworthy manner, for the purpose of arresting the progress of distress and misery; for such exertions, I think them entitled to the most grateful remembrances of the poor. In the hope that the measure now in consideration, may eventually heal the wounds of the country, I move the following resolution:

“It being now made manifest that His Majesty’s Ministers have opened the ports of the Realm, for the admission of certain kinds of Grain essential to the subsistence

"of the increased population of the country, by adopting a measure so decidedly wise and beneficent, they have entitled themselves to the profound esteem of the community in general, and to the gratitude of the working classes in particular."

The resolution was then proposed by the Chairman, when a person of the name of *Bluckshaw* rose and said that he did not think the Ministers were entitled to their thanks—that he for one would never thank them for removing those obstacles, which they themselves had imposed, and that he should propose as an amendment—

"That it is the opinion of this meeting, that His Majesty's Ministers cannot be considered worthy of our thanks, until they have taken *more efficient measures* to alleviate our present unparalleled sufferings."

A person, whose name we did not learn, now addressed the meeting, in the most violent strain against the Ministers, who, he said, had only adopted the measure for the purpose of imposing an additional tax on the country—that if they had wished to afford relief, they should have allowed the grain to have come in duty free—but he supposed that some of the taxes had fallen off, and that they had adopted this measure to supply the deficiency. Besides it was not Beans, Pease, or Oats, that they wanted; it was Wheat. It appeared to him that the greater part of the grain allowed to come in, was for the support of the horses in the army. He was then proceeding to other subjects totally irrelevant to the object for which the meeting had been convened, when Mr. Barratt, the Deputy Constable, requested to speak with the Chairman, who withdrew for that purpose. On his return, he stated that Mr. Barratt would certainly feel cullied upon to dismiss the meeting, if they did not confine themselves to the im-

mediate object of it, and he therefore requested they would attend to the subject before them.

Mr. William Longson said, he thought this opposition had arisen from mistake, and he would endeavour to undeceive them, by again reading the article in the *Trades' Paper*; and they would then see that the plan they intended to pursue, was in exact accordance with the sentiments of the Editor, who he was sure they would all say was the poor man's friend. After having read the article in question, and made his comments upon various parts of it, he requested the meeting to be unanimous on this occasion; for it would be ungrateful in them not to step forward in the support of Ministers, who had taken upon themselves the burden of this measure, which was certain to meet with the most decided opposition from the landed proprietors. If the Ministers were only supported by the people, they would at length strike a decisive blow to the monopoly of the Corn Laws. He thought that great benefit to the country would arise from the measure in question, and although it might not go far enough, he was thankful for what had been done.

The Chairman then put the Amendment, which was carried by a considerable majority; thus rendering any further proceedings on the part of those who had called the meeting, nugatory; therefore after a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his impartial conduct throughout the evening, the meeting was dissolved.

We have since learned that the room, by a previously-concerted plan of the Cobbettites, had been taken possession of by those worthies, who had been actually canvassing their fellows for the purpose of opposing the well-meant endeavours of the friends to the meeting, and that great numbers were excluded who

would have supported the original resolution. In order to ascertain more correctly the feelings of their townsmen on the expediency of this measure, the original promoters of it are now getting up a requisition to the Mayor, numerously signed, to call an early meeting, with *permission to use the New Court Room for the next occasion.*

Thank you, Mr. BLACKSHAW; and I thank that other "*person*," whose *name*, the Stockport Slave, "*did not learn*;" but who most sensibly remarked, that *oats and beans were cavalry-horse food*; and that it was *wheat* that was wanted by *men*.—So! you have a "*DEPUTY CONSTABLE*" too, have you! And a "*BOROUGHREEVE*," I'll warrant it! And the Deputy Constable, when he found that the *trick had failed*, threatened to *dissolve the meeting*! Let them dissolve: let them do what they like: laugh at them, unless you should hear, that the *Debt is paid off*; for, my friends, unless that be paid off, *radical reform* we shall have, in spite of all the Deputy Constables upon earth! Laugh, therefore, at all the tricks of our foes; but, *defeat* their tricks too. It is rumoured, that CANNING ("*revered and ruptured Ogden*" CANNING) is gone to France to endeavour to get the Holy Allies to club their pennies to *pay off*

our Debt with, in order, thus, to destroy the best friend of us *radicals*, whose designs, if successful, would destroy all "*regular government*." Well; let them subscribe, then. If they do that, we, at any rate, shall not, any longer, be taxed to pay the interest! A little time will tell us, whether this envoy has succeeded. In the meanwhile, I most heartily congratulate you on the present state of things, and on the prospect before us. Be you *not impatient*. If Pitt had lived until now, he would have been 67 years of age. Mr. PAINE said, that, if he lived to be 70, *he would see the end of his system*. There are three years yet to come; and every thing seems to say, that the prediction will be verified.

I am, my friends,
most faithfully yours,
WM. COBBETT.

P. S. Pretty ruin and uproar amongst the farmers.

JOLTERHEADS DEFEATED.

Worcester, 26 Sept. 1826.

Upon arriving here this morning, I, by the kind attention of a gentleman, who happened to hear

that I was here, saw the **MORNING CHRONICLE** of yesterday, and had the inexpressible satisfaction to see, that Messrs. **MARSH** and **HUNT** defeated, and covered with disgrace, the **JOLTERHEADS** at **ANDOVER**, in **HAMPSHIRE**, who had called the farmers together to get them to *petition against a repeal of the Corn-Laws*; but who, by their vote, left the **JOLTERHEADS** in the lurch! I have no room, at present, for further remark; but, next week I will insert the whole of the account of this signal triumph of justice over greediness.

TO WM. COBBETT, Esq.

On manuring Land for Forest-Trees.

DEAR SIR,—In the month of September, 1824, I sent you a short article (which was published in the Register of the 18th of that month) on planting, in which I proved from my own experience the advantage of trenching or otherwise deeply moving the land, and afterwards keeping it in a clean state; and I promised to show, in a future letter, that in addition to these, it would answer to *manure*

land for forest-trees. I had in fact at that time begun an experiment on the subject, the result of which I am now about to communicate, and which, I am happy to say, has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

In the year 1823, I hired, of the Fishmongers' Company of London, sixty acres of *heath-land* opposite my house, upon a lease for forty years. I agreed to plant fifteen acres thereof with forest-trees, having the privilege of thinning and cutting down during the term, but leaving the Company one hundred trees per acre at the end thereof. As I had only a limited interest in the land, it occurred to me that the faster I could make the trees grow the better they would pay me: I therefore determined to manure it. I had observed the great effect produced by the spreading of mere flagashes upon land of the *same description*, which I had planted three years before: I had also noticed, that trees, which I planted at the same time upon spots of land where heaps of marl had been laid, had made much greater progress than those trees which had been planted without marl. From this I was convinced, that marl upon this kind of land was beneficial to trees. I therefore resolved to manure with marl as well as with muck. I caused the land to be double ploughed, first with two horses and then with four, following in the same furrow, by which means the soil was stirred to the depth of eighteen or twenty inches. I fortunately found the remains of an old marl-pit in the piece, from which I barrowed and spread twenty cart-loads per acre. This I suffered to lie and pulverise

all winter, and in the following spring (viz., in April, 1824) I carried on and spread twenty loads per acre of good rotten muck, ploughed it in a fair pitch, and planted the trees, which consisted of oak, ash, elm, chesnut, and black Italian poplar, with a few of other sorts.

They took exceedingly well, and many of them made vigorous shoots the first summer; the second year they nearly covered the ground, but during this summer their growth has been prodigious; many of the ash trees have made already shoots upwards of five feet long, and upon an average, I think both they and the oaks have increased *this year* full three feet in height. The chesnuts have not done so well; but the poplars have made such progress, that they have actually the appearance of trees eight or nine years old. The severe drought, which has scorched up trees on land in a poor and foul state, has had the effect of adding considerably to the growth of these. They have never had the appearance of wanting moisture, although not a drop of rain fell upon them for a period of several weeks during the very hottest part of the summer; and they now exhibit a dark green, healthy colour, and promise to grow five or six weeks longer. This luxuriant growth I attribute to the deep ploughing, to the highly manured state of the land, and to its being constantly kept clean and loose upon the surface by means of the hoe; and I firmly believe, that when land is in this state, the weather in England can never be too hot for forest-trees.

It is necessary to say something about the expense, as I am aware

that an objection would be raised on that ground by almost every gentleman to whom this mode of planting might be recommended. With the view of exciting attention to the subject, I have put up a board in the plantation by the road-side, enumerating all the particulars, which I will here copy:—

Experimental Plantation, showing the effect of manuring Land for Forest-Trees. Planted in April, 1824.

COST PER ACRE.

Twenty loads of marl, at 15d.	1	5	0
Twenty ditto of muck at 5s.	5	0	0
Ploughing the land	1	0	0
Trees, carriage, and planting	7	10	0

Total cost per acre . . £14 15 0

The ploughing I think I have put ten shillings too low, and therefore the total cost per acre should be 15*l.* 5*s.*

This may, and will be thought by many to be a great sum; but a nurseryman will not plant with *good* trees, and fill up for three years, under 10*l.* an acre, *exclusive of ploughing*; and observe, that when you manure, you never want to fill up, for all the trees are sure to take, and instead of filling up, you may, after the third year, take up and *transplant* at least a tenth part of them. Look, too, at the rapid manner in which the trees grow, and how much quicker you get a plantation into a *paying state*, than you do when trees are planted without manure. I know hundreds of acres of land, which were planted from fifteen to twenty years ago at an expense of more than 10*l.* an acre, the trees on which would not now be valued

at the original cost of the planting ; whereas, had one-third more been expended in manuring and properly preparing the land, they would have been worth from 50*l.* to 100*l.* an acre.

A regard to economy in planting is sometimes carried to a great length. A gentleman about eight miles from me planted, in the same year I did (1824), forty acres of land upon a *cheap* plan. Some *Scotchmen* persuaded him, that neither trenching, ploughing, nor cleaning was necessary ; that just to raise a flag, by making a triangular incision and putting in a seedling plant, and then pressing it down with the foot, was quite sufficient to raise, in quick time a flourishing and valuable plantation ; and that, as to the grass and weeds, they would keep the trees warm, and also keep out the drought—they would in fact be a source both of heat and moisture : and all this was to be done for 3*l.* 10*s.* an acre. Most gentlemen, you are aware, are disposed to listen to any proposal for doing work cheaply : accordingly these *Scotchmen* were employed, and planted the forty acres. I told the gentleman at the time that this cheap plan would not answer ; and that a very few years would prove that mine was much the cheaper mode of the two. He ridiculed my extravagance in planting at such a useless cost, and made a distant allusion to the old proverb,—“A fool and his money are soon parted.” It does not become me to do it, and I am far from intending to apply this proverb to the gentleman himself ; but those who have seen both plantations, will, I am confident, perceive that it is not justly appli-

cable to *me*. I have had no reason to alter my opinion ; whether he still adheres to his, I have had no means of ascertaining : but this I will venture to assert, that any man of judgment would value one *half* acre of my plantation at more than his whole forty acres. His is, in fact, a *total failure*. His trees (that is, such of them as are alive) are almost entirely choked up with grass and weeds, and are literally *worth nothing*. The 3*l.* 10*s.* an acre, amounting, altogether, to 140*l.*, are therefore as completely thrown away, as if they had been put into the fire. Besides this, there is the loss of time (which cannot be recovered), the rent of the land, if it were worth any thing, and the mortification of having a favourite object defeated ; and to all this, gentlemen expose themselves, by attempting to effect improvements in a parsimonious manner.

Farmers of *poor* land generally fall into the same error : they do not perceive, or are unwilling to believe, that it is the trifling expense of a little *extra* manure, that occasions all the difference, upon this sort of land, between an abundant and a short crop ; but that such is the case, I have frequently observed in my own immediate neighbourhood. I have myself grown upon poor heath land, nine, ten, and, in one instance, eleven coombs two bushels an acre of wheat, while the adjoining lands, of the same description and quality, have never exceeded six ; and this has been effected merely by laying on an *additional* quantity of eight loads of muck per acre. My neighbour has put on twelve, and I twenty loads per acre ; he has grown six

coombs and I have grown ten. It does not appear to be considered, that in high farming the muck is the *only* additional part of the expense; the tillage, seed-corn, rent, poor-rates, and labour, being the same, whether you grow six coombs or ten. The same observations will apply to planting; there is a *certain* expense which you *must* be subject to, whether you plant well or ill. If you incur that expense, and *no more*, your object in planting will, in many instances, be wholly defeated, and your expenditure be altogether unproductive: but if you lay out a sufficient sum to maintain and support, as well as to plant your trees, you are *certain* to succeed, and to be amply repaid for your labours: and this I hold to be real economy, it being in the end by far the cheapest method of planting.

It is rather surprising, that the experiment of manuring land for forest-trees should not have been tried before, the advantage of it being so obvious; but I believe that it never has. We all know, that trees will grow faster upon good than upon ordinary land: if, therefore, the land intended to be planted be of inferior quality, it seems so reasonable that it ought to be improved, that one wonders the idea should not instantly occur. Besides, it is constantly acted upon on other occasions: no one thinks of planting fruit-trees even in a garden without manure; and no good farmer attempts to raise a fence upon ordinary land without well mucking it at the time he plants the layer. Fences so raised will make greater progress in one year than they will in three without manure; and though there

is no reason why the same stimulus should not prove equally beneficial when applied to forest-trees, no one has ever manured land for them that I have heard of, except perhaps some small spots intended solely for ornament. I hope, however, that some gentleman, with better means than I possess, will give the experiment a fair trial upon a larger scale. It may be difficult in some situations to obtain sufficient muck, and it is therefore deserving of consideration, whether artificial manures will not answer the purpose. I am of opinion that they will; but I intend to try some experiments on the subject in the ensuing season, the result of which, with your leave, I will communicate to the public through the columns of the Register.

I remain, dear Sir,

your faithful and

obedient Servant,

W. WITHERS, JUN.

Holt, August 21, 1826.

BOTANICAL BOOKS.

A FEW months ago, I advertised in the Register, and sold immediately, two copies of what I deem a very fine work on this interesting subject. They were sent to me from Paris, and the author shortly after the sale of the two first-sent copies sent me some more, of which I have now to speak, first inserting here the

whole of the advertisement of the first two copies.

I have received, from the Author, two copies of a Work, entitled, "*PLANTES DE LA FRANCE, décrites et peintes d'après la nature.*" Par M. JAUME SAINT-HILAIRE." The Work is in ten pretty thick Volumes, ROYAL OCTAVO. It contains upwards of a thousand coloured plates, beautifully representing the several plants, from the Oak tree down to the smallest herbaceous plant, all in their full bloom. Each plate is accompanied with a full botanical account of the plant represented in the plate; and the whole is preceded by a very fine Essay on the *Elements of the Science of Botany*. This is the finest Work of the kind that I ever saw. The Author has sent the two copies for me to sell for him; and I offer them for sale at *eighteen pounds a copy*, neatly bound in boards; which is only *three-pence* for each plate, and not much more than a *halfpenny a page for the print*, leaving the binding out of the question. The plates are coloured in the most correct and beautiful manner; and the whole of the delineation is surprisingly near to nature itself. If more copies than the two that I have should be wanted, I can get them, I suppose, at any time. It is the wish of a friend that I should introduce this Work to the English public, and I have here endeavoured to comply with that wish.

The difference, is, that I have now, besides two copies precisely the same as those above advertised, two copies of the *same work* on vellum paper and in a *quarto form*,

and handsomely half-bound and lettered.

The prices are, for	l.	s.	d.
those in octavo and			
in boards, each ..	18	0	0

For each of those in			
quarto, on vellum			
paper, and half-			
bound	23	0	0

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

Just published, No. III., a little work under the above title. I intend it to contain about *six numbers*, at twopence a Number, to be published monthly. I intend it to be the *Companion of the Working Classes*, giving them useful information and advice, adapted to their present difficult situation; and especially I intend it as the means of teaching them how to AVOID SUFFERING FROM HUNGER! I intend clearly to explain to them their *rights* and their *duties*. Applications from the country should be made *without delay*. I shall give one copy of each Number to every working family in Preston, as a mark of my gratitude for their great kindness towards me, and also as a mark of my admiration of their sense and their public spirit.—The other Numbers will be published on the first of each succeeding month.—The price, to Gentlemen taking a quantity, will be, for one hundred, *twelve shillings*, for five hundred, *fifty-five shillings*, and, for a thousand, *five pounds*.

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending September 15.

Per Quarter.			
	s.	d.	
Wheat ..	55	11	Rye 41 5
Barley ..	34	11	Beans . . . 46 5
Oats	28	1	Pease . . . 52 2

Total Quantity of Corn returned as Sold in the Maritime Districts, for the Week ended September 15.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat ..	43,010	Rye	624
Barley ..	15,594	Beans . . .	1,842
Oats . . .	12,365	Pease	1,107

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, September 23.

	Qrs.	£.	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat..	5,892	for 16,901	5	10	Average, 57	4	
Barley..	1,816	.. 3,202	0	9	35	3
Oats..	4,802	.. 7,044	7	10	29	4
Rye....	147	.. 291	3	0	39	7
Beans ..	1,749	.. 3,907	17	6	44	8
Pease ..	795	.. 2,010	9	1	50	6

Friday, Sept. 22.—There are good arrivals of Wheat and Flour this week; very few English Oats, but abundance of Foreign. The Wheat trade on Wednesday was excessively dull, but to-day there is more freedom in the sale of good samples at last quotations. Barley, Beans, and Pease, fully maintain Monday's rates. The Oat trade remains dull at last quotations.

Monday, Sept. 25.—During the past week the supply of English Wheat and Flour was tolerably good, but of Barley and Oats it was incon-

siderable. The foreign vessels with Oats continue to arrive in considerable numbers. The fresh supply to this day's market consists chiefly of a fair quantity of Wheat, Barley, Beans, and Pease, from Essex, Kent, and Suffolk.

On Friday last, there was some indication of improvement in the Wheat trade; but to-day the quality for sale is of so thin a description, that our Millers made few purchases, and prices for all but superfine have declined 1s. to 2s. per qr. from the terms of this day se'nnight, with the chief part of this morning's supply left on hand.

Barley for Malting has sold freely at 1s. per qr. advance. Beans sell steadily at last quotations, but Boiling and Grey Pease go off on rather better terms. Fine sweet Oats maintain the rates of last Monday; other sorts are rather cheaper. In the Flour trade no alteration.

Price on board Ship as under.

Flour, per sack50s. — 55s.
— Seconds42s. — 46s.
— North Country	..40s. — 43s.

Price of Bread.—The price of the 4lb. Loaf is stated at 9½d. by the full-priced Bakers.

COAL MARKET, Sept. 22.

Ships at Market.		Ships sold.		Price.
25	Newcastle	21½	..	26s. 0d. to 37s. 6d.
7	Sunderland	6		35s. 9d. — 38s. 0d.

Account of Wheat, &c. arrived in the Port of London, from Sept. 18 to Sept. 23, both inclusive.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat ..	7,544	Tares	261
Barley ..	2,670	Linseed ..	966
Malt....	9,657	Rapeseed .	2,905
Oats	1,393	Brank ..	—
Beans ...	909	Mustard ..	10
Flour....	7,640	Flax	—
Rye.....	75	Hemp ...	120
Pease....	1,992	Seeds ...	—

Foreign. — Wheat, 3,568; Barley, 1,885; Oats, 38,413; and Beans, 2,282 quarters. Flour, 443 barrels.

HOPS.

Price of Hops, per Cwt. in the Borough.

Monday, Sept. 25.—The supply of New Hops continues large, and the demand has at present pt pace. Currency, Sussex, 80s. to 88s.; Kent, 84s. to 95s.; choice higher. Duty, 260,000*l*.

Maidstone, Sept. 20.—Our Planters are all busy picking, which will last much longer than was expected, as the Hops certainly came down in quantity more than they were estimated at: the trade, we are sorry to add, is exceeding dull, and prices are daily getting lower.

Worcester, Sept. 20.—On Saturday 2324 New pockets were weighed; the last-quoted prices were fully maintained, the average prices being 75s. to 88s. About 1000 pockets remained unsold. The picking is not concluded; the produce will be much greater than was expected, and in

consequence our Duty has advanced to 40,000*l*. In what is called the Worcester Plantation, there are 14,387 acres under cultivation.

Monday, Sept. 25.—The arrivals from Ireland last week were 4,416 firkins of Butter, and 100 bales of Bacon; and from Foreign Ports, 13,397 casks of Butter.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Sept. 25.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	8	to	5 0
Mutton ...	3	8	—	4 6
Veal	4	8	—	5 4
Pork	5	0	—	5 8
Lamb	0	0	—	0 0
Beasts ... 2,560			Sheep ..	29,930
Calves ... 158			Pigs ...	120

NEWGATE, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef ...	3	4	to	4 4
Mutton ...	3	4	—	4 4
Veal	3	8	—	5 8
Pork	4	0	—	6 0
Lamb	4	0	—	4 8

LEADENHALL, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	2	to	4 2
Mutton ...	3	4	—	4 2
Veal	3	8	—	5 4
Pork	4	0	—	5 4
Lamb	3	4	—	5 0

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS, per Cwt.				
	s.	d.	s.	d.
Ware	3	0	to	4 0
Middlings.....	2	3	—	2 6
Chats	2	0	—	0 0
Common Red...0	0	0	—	0 0

Onions, 0s. 0d.—0s. 0d. per bush.

BOROUGH, per Ton.				
	l.	s.	l.	s.
Ware	3	0	to	4 0
Middlings.....	2	3	—	2 6
Chats	2	0	—	0 0
Common Red..0	0	0	—	0 0

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

<i>Smithfield.</i> —Hay....		80s. to 105s.
Straw...		30s. to 34s.
Clover. 100s. to 130s.		
<i>St. James's.</i> —Hay...		74s. to 110s.
Straw ..		28s. to 40s.
Clover..105s. to 125s.		
<i>Whitechapel.</i> —Hay....		80s. to 110s.
Straw...34s. to 38s.		
Clover..90s. to 132s.		

COUNTRY CORN MARKETS.

By the QUARTER, excepting where otherwise named; from Wednesday to Saturday last, inclusive.

The Scotch Markets are the Returns of the Week before.

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans.		Pease.	
	s.	to s. d.	s.	to s. d.	s.	to s. d.	s.	to s. d.	s.	to s. d.
Aylesbury	52	60 0	34	38 0	32	34 0	52	54 0	64	0 0
Banbury	54	58 0	37	40 0	28	34 0	50	56 0	0	0 0
Basingstoke	50	60 0	30	36 0	25	30 0	50	55 0	0	0 0
Bridport.....	52	60 0	34	40 0	26	28 0	54	56 0	0	0 0
Chelmsford.....	48	62 0	32	38 0	26	32 0	36	45 0	46	56 0
Derby.....	58	64 0	33	46 0	26	36 0	50	56 0	0	0 0
Devizes.....	48	62 0	32	42 0	27	36 0	50	58 0	0	0 0
Dorchester.....	54	60 0	31	35 0	32	35 0	58	62 0	0	0 0
Exeter.....	56	64 0	46	0 0	30	34 0	28	32 0	0	0 0
Eye	24	28 0	0	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0
Guildford.....	0	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0
Henley	52	66 0	30	36 0	24	32 0	53	58 0	52	56 0
Horncastle.....	50	56 0	35	40 0	24	28 0	45	50 0	0	0 0
Hungerford.....	52	62 0	29	35 0	23	35 0	53	58 0	0	0 0
Lewes	50	62 0	0	0 0	24	27 0	0	0 0	0	0 0
Newbury.....	38	64 0	32	35 0	25	36 0	0	54 0	52	0 0
Northampton....	55	59 0	34	40 0	32	37 0	53	54 0	56	0 0
Nottingham	56	0 0	45	0 0	0	35 0	57	0 0	0	0 0
Reading	50	67 0	33	38 0	24	35 0	50	54 0	50	56 0
Stamford.....	50	56 0	36	39 0	26	34 0	0	0 0	0	0 0
Stowmarket	24	29 0	28	34 0	24	28 0	42	0 0	44	0 0
Swansea	66	0 0	44	0 0	28	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0
Truro	59	0 0	37	0 0	33	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0
Uxbridge	0	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0
Warminster.....	47	58 0	34	39 0	26	36 0	52	60 0	0	0 0
Winchester.....	0	55 0	0	37 0	0	0 0	0	0 0	0	0 0
Dalkeith*	27	34 0	22	31 0	20	28 0	27	29 0	27	29 0
Haddington*	29	35 0	16	20 0	18	21 0	24	28 0	24	30 0

* Dalkeith and Haddington are given by the *boll*.—The Scotch *boll* for Wheat, Rye, Pease, and Beans, is three per cent. more than 4 bushels. The *boll* of Barley and Oats, is about 6 bushels Winchester, or as 6 to 8 compared with the English *quarter*.

Liverpool, Sept. 19.—The arrivals of Wheat and Oats since Tuesday last were very moderate; as in the report contained in the import note annexed are included several cargoes which arrived yesterday week, and the demand for Wheat was steady at about the prices last quoted. Sales of Oats were increasing daily during the interval; but they experienced a check by the holders requiring an advance of 6d. per 45 lbs. upon the prices of this day se'nnight.—Sales of Barley, Beans, and Pease, were limited, as an advance of 3d. to 4d. per 60 lbs. was also demanded on the former, and on the two latter articles 5s. to 6s. per quarter; and Oatmeal was held at an advance of 3s. to 4s. per 240 lbs.—At this day's market sales of any article were very limited, and the advance previously noted on Oats and Oatmeal was barely obtainable.

Imported into Liverpool from the 12th to 18th September, 1826, inclusive:—Wheat, 9,052; Barley, 830; Oats, 4,815; Malt, 743; Pease, 66 qrs. Flour, 211 sacks, per 280 lbs. Oatmeal, 449 packs, per 240 lbs. Europe, 996 barrels of Flour.

Guildford, Sept. 24.—Wheat, old, 14l. to 16l. 10s.; ditto, new, for meal-ing, 15l. to 16l. 10s. per load. Rye, 40s. to 41s.; Barley, 36s. to 42s.; Oats, 26s. to 34s.; Beans, 52s. to 56s.; and Pease, grey, 54s. to 56s. per quarter. Tares, 13s. to 14s. 6d. per bushel.

Norwich, Sept. 23.—The supply of Wheat to this day's market was large. Red sold from 48s. to 55s.; White to 57s. A large quantity of Barley also was offered for sale, prices from 28s. to 35s.; Oats, from 22s. to 29s.; Beans, 38s. to 41s.; Pease, 38s. to 42s.; Boilers, to 52s. per quarter; and Flour, 43s. to 44s. per sack.

Bristol, Sept. 23.—The supplies of Corn, &c. here are very limited, and the prices now obtained are about as follow:—Wheat, from 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.; Barley, 3s. 9d. to 5s. 9d.; Oats, 2s. 9d. to 4s. 4½d.; Beans, 4s. 9d. to 7s. 4½d.; and Malt, 5s. 9d. to 8s. 6d. per bushel, Imperial. Flour, Seconds, 32s. to 44s. per bag.

Ipswich, Sept. 23.—We had to-day rather a scanty supply of Corn, and prices were rather higher, as follow:—Wheat, 52s. to 53s.; Barley, 32s. to 38s.; and Pease, 46s. to 48s. per quarter.

Wakefield, Sept. 22.—The supply of Wheat here to-day is large, and up to the close of the market very little business has been done, the sellers generally demanding last week's prices, and the buyers not being disposed to purchase freely except at lower rates, and to quit any quantity less money must be submitted to. Oats continue very scarce, and are ½d. per stone dearer. Shelling is also rather higher. There is a fair supply of new Barley at market, which has been taken off at 41s. to 42s. per quarter. Beans are full as dear.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sept. 23.—We had only a moderate supply of Wheat from the farmers this morning, and there being several buyers for seed, the millers were obliged to give an advance of 2s. per quarter upon the prices of last week. Rye goes off rather freely at last week's prices for pig feeding. The Norfolk Barley which has arrived is all sold at 40s. per quarter, but so few maltsters are yet at work, the demand is very limited. Fine Malt is dull sale at last week's prices, and there is no demand for any other description. The farmers' supply of Oats was not large, and there being a demand from the coast, the sale was tolerably brisk at 1s. per qr. advance. Nothing done in Wheat under lock this week.

COUNTRY CATTLE AND MEAT MARKETS, &c.

Norwich Castle Meadow, Sept. 23.—This day's market was very ill supplied with Cattle for slaughter, price 8s. per stone of 14 lbs. sinking offal. The show of Store Stock was large, but the quality of the Beasts was not fine. Scots sold from 4s. to 4s. 6d. per stone, when fat. Short Horns, 3s. 6d. to 4s. Cows and Calves, and Homebreds, a very inferior show, and but few sold. The supply of Sheep and Lambs was large, and a great many of them remained unsold: Shearlings sold from 25s. to 30s., fat ones to 39s.; Lambs from 13s. to 20s. 6d. each.

Horncastle, Sept. 23.—Beef, 7s. to 8s. per stone of 14 lbs. Mutton, 6d. to 7d.; Lamb, 5d. to 6d.; Pork, 7d.; and Veal, 6d. to 7d. per lb.

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN, sold in the Maritime Counties of England and Wales, for the Week ended September 15, 1826.

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London*	59	7	35	1	29	1
Essex	58	6	35	9	30	8
Kent	57	9	33	8	27	1
Sussex	55	4	0	0	30	0
Suffolk	54	3	34	5	29	6
Cambridgeshire	54	3	28	1	27	3
Norfolk	53	3	34	1	27	11
Lincolnshire	54	7	38	9	24	2
Yorkshire	55	1	35	2	28	6
Durham	51	0	40	4	30	4
Northumberland	54	3	36	1	30	9
Cumberland	63	2	37	1	32	5
Westmoreland	63	6	43	0	36	10
Lancashire	62	0	0	0	35	10
Cheshire	59	3	0	0	29	7
Gloucestershire	57	6	40	4	36	2
Somersetshire	57	9	37	6	27	8
Monmouthshire	56	0	45	4	29	4
Devonshire	56	0	36	10	25	6
Cornwall	60	8	36	2	30	3
Dorsetshire	55	7	37	4	34	6
Hampshire	54	8	35	7	26	0
North Wales	62	6	43	9	29	9
South Wales	56	9	39	8	25	4

* The London Average is always that of the Week preceding.